Les Fleurs

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Les Fleurs

by Weconqueratdawn

Summary

Hannibal sends Will flowers. Will thanks him in person. That's about it.

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Inside the envelope was a thick, cream card. The message was handwritten, in the elegant copperplate he recognised from Hannibal's office. Or, Dr Lecter, as he'd been then.

"For Will,

As I could not assist you with your reading after all, please allow me instead to demonstrate my regard in a more traditional and befitting fashion.

Yours, in anticipation of Saturday,
Hannibal x"

Notes

It's not strictly necessary to read the first fic in the series before this one, but you'll enjoy it more if you do :)

A quick note on pronouns: In the previous fic Will says the pronouns other people use don't bother him. This is absolutely true and if this fic was written in Will's first person POV, Will would use they/them. If the fic was written from Beverley's POV she would probably use she/her when referring to Will. As the majority of people would read this Will as he/him I've chosen to use those pronouns, but this isn't done with the purpose of undermining or erasing Will's genderfluidity (I think my Will would agree!).

See the end of the work for more notes

“Will! Delivery for you!”

From upstairs Will heard the front door shut with a thud, followed by a series of loud and unrestrained rustling noises. Uncurling himself from his bed, he left a pencil tucked between the pages of his book, and went to investigate.

He found Bev in the kitchen, half-inside the cupboard under the sink. As Will entered she looked over her shoulder at him, and promptly banged her head.

“Ow. Your boyfriend sent you a gift.” Smirking, Bev rubbed her temple. “On the table - you can’t miss it.” With her voice muffled by the cupboard and sounding close to desperation, she muttered, “I don't think we own anything even slightly vase-ish but there must be *something* we can use?”

On the table sat a huge bouquet of cream- and blush-coloured roses, wrapped in heavy paper and tied with ribbon. There were easily two dozen, velvety and beautifully scented, with long forest green stems. Will carefully ran his fingers over the petals, as Bev crawled back out of the cupboard, grumbling.

“I can't believe he sent you flowers. No one's ever sent me flowers.”

Will smiled, still taking in the mass of pink and green sat on their very ordinary kitchen table, with its wobbly leg and yellowed, chipped varnish. He chewed his lip a little and asked, “You’re sure they’re from him?”

“Please. Who else could have sent them? Do you have other rich, grown-up admirers that I don’t know about?”

He laughed. “If I did, I’m sure you’d find out one way or another. Does this change your mind about him then?”

“Yes. No. Look, I don't think he's bad exactly. But I can't help being suspicious. It's, I don't know, big sister stuff. We’ve got built-in douchebag radar. I just wish it worked on guys I was dating too.”

“Wasn't there a vase left here when we moved in? I think it's in the basement.”

“Huh, I thought that was an urn. I'll go look. You read the card and when I get back we can analyse the message in depth.”

Inside the envelope was a thick, cream card. The message was handwritten, in the elegant copperplate he recognised from Hannibal's office. Or, *Dr Lecter*, as he'd been then.

For Will,

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Yours, in anticipation of Saturday,

Hannibal x

Smiling to himself, Will thought about Hannibal choosing the flowers in his very particular and careful manner. They really were beautiful - perfectly in bloom, and each petal like parchment paper, simultaneously delicate and heady.

The kitchen door opened again. “Found it. It’s not pretty, but if it’s watertight it’s got my vote.”

Will unwrapped the flowers while Bev filled the vase and together they attempted to arrange the roses in it. It was made of cheap plaster, slightly chipped and printed with a faded pink chintz. When they finished they both sat down and immediately burst out laughing - there wasn’t room for anything else on the table and they could hardly see each other through the stems and foliage.

Will navigated carefully around their new centrepiece to pass Bev the card. She read it with raised eyebrows.

“Wow. Is he always like this?”

“As far as I can tell.”

“Very… formal.”

“It’s not formal, not really. He’s just sort of gentlemanly, with an odd sense of humour.”

“What's this about ‘your reading’?”

Will ducked his head, a little shamefaced to admit to Bev how devious he’d been. “He has a rare book I’d been looking for - or at least, I was right up until the day before I met him. I pretended I still needed it so I had a reason to see him again.”

“Smooth, Graham, very smooth.”

Will shrugged. “I like him. And it worked.”

“He'd better be something special. Beyond the couple of hundred dollars worth of flowers and the fancy car.”

“There's something about him. And he was very sweet with me, right from the beginning - he just accepted me the way I am. I like how I feel around him.” He grinned. “And, you know, he's incredibly hot, so...”

Rolling her eyes, Bev said, “Yeah, you might've mentioned that once or twice. That is just opinion, by the way, until I’m able to assess the hotness situation properly and objectively.”

“Maybe you’ll meet him soon, who knows?” Will looked up at the vase of flowers. “How about we split these up into smaller bunches and spread them out through the house? If I put that in my room, I'd have to sleep in the bath tub.”

They spent a happy half hour collecting a motley assortment of glasses, old jars and jugs and filling them with roses. The taller vessels held two or three long, elegant stems but for the jars they were snipped short to fit snugly, crowning them with blossoms. When they'd finished placing them in different rooms the effect was much less grand but, as Bev commented, somehow more romantic. The scent of roses permeated the entire house.

As Will carried two of the makeshift vases up to his room, he heard Bev exclaim behind him.

“Oh my god, I just noticed. That cannot be his actual handwriting?!”

*

Back on his bed, Will tried to compose a suitable message of thanks to Hannibal. In the end, he opted for simplicity.

Thank you for the flowers. They're beautiful.

Then he settled back into the pillows, and just looked at the two small bunches sat on his dresser, surrounded by the stuff of his everyday life.

His room was cluttered but tidy, and full of books wherever they would fit. The only really clear surface was the tiny table in the corner reserved for his fishing flies. The dresser, desk and shelves held a myriad of things, from filled notebooks that he didn't want to throw out to the box where he kept unused make up. In an old peanut butter jar and beer glass, squeezed between hairbrushes, model cars from his childhood, and old pens, the roses were truly lovely.

His phone buzzed.

It was my pleasure.

Will couldn’t help the smile spreading over his face. He’d found himself longing to text Hannibal all week but hadn’t been able to think of a reasonable excuse.

No one's ever bought me flowers before.

A shocking state of affairs. I would like to give you as many beautiful things as I can get away with.

Will curled up into the pillows with delight. Surprisingly, he found it wasn’t difficult to accept gifts from Hannibal. He had thought this kind of attention would have made him uncomfortable but Hannibal made it seem like it was a privilege to give him things. It was also in keeping with Hannibal’s overall treatment of him. Will had considered this at length - how he’d often been of curiosity to people but never special in the way Hannibal seemed to think him. It was lovely, and really very simple, Will reflected. Hannibal called him beautiful and Will felt beautiful - beautiful in a way it could be difficult to feel when you were frequently misunderstood.

Besides, he could hear the amusement in Hannibal's message as clearly as if it had been spoken aloud, and could see that almost-smile in the crinkles around his eyes. It was very similar to how he'd looked in his kitchen just before Will had kissed him again and demanded to be taken back to bed.

He tapped out another message to Hannibal.

I'm looking forward to Saturday too.

Before he'd left that morning, Hannibal said he wanted to cook for him. It would be like a real date, Will thought, the kind that people have on TV. The nearest he'd come to one before was sharing popcorn at the cinema. And what would come after it would be even better. He must have relived their night together a hundred times already. Hannibal's strong, elegant hands on him as Will sat on his desk, both of them kissing hungrily while Hannibal pushed his skirt up. How Will had moaned when he’d been encouraged to come in Hannibal’s mouth. And how the next morning he'd taken

Hannibal back to bed and sat in his lap. Hannibal's hand had encircled them both as he let Will ride and thrust and rub against him, while their lips slid hot and wet over each others.

His phone buzzed again, shaking him out of his enjoyable recollections.

I am very pleased to hear it and hope it lives up to your expectations.

I'm sure it will, he replied quickly and then before he could talk himself out if it, *So much so that if it wasn't for a really early class tomorrow I'd be tempted to come see you now.*

The reply came soon after.

My door is always open to you, Will, any time you wish.

It was extremely tempting. Will shifted on the bed and ground the heel of his hand into his half-hard dick. It felt like long time until Saturday. He looked at the clock - it was just past six.

Are you still at your office?

*

Parked in Bev's car outside of Hannibal's office, Will was reassured to see that the lights were still on. Once he'd carefully chosen his outfit he had spent the minimum time possible getting ready, just in case Hannibal left before he arrived. He was confident of an appreciative audience but he also knew he was testing any chivalrous reservations Hannibal might still have. He checked his reflection and re-applied his berry-coloured lip gloss before pinning the rose he'd brought with him carefully in his hair. The bloom was a blushing pink and the effect of it was exactly right - the soft petals nestling into his curls, just against the temple. He grinned at his reflection, happily anticipating Hannibal's reaction, and delayed no more.

Knocking at Hannibal's office door, he adjusted the dark raspberry wool thigh highs he wore and pulled his coat more closely around himself, still a little cold from the drive over.

When Hannibal opened it, a quiet smile unfurled across his face, growing wider as he took in the rose. He reached for Will, and kissed him on the cheek.

"I wanted to say thank you in person," Will said, unable to stop grinning back. Hannibal looked just as handsome as he remembered, wearing a chestnut plaid suit with a crisp, white shirt.

"I did wonder if you would come by tonight." Hannibal opened the door fully and stepped back for Will to enter. "I hope you already know how pleased I am to see you."

Hannibal shut the door and drew close to Will. "It's almost not fair to the flower," he said, brushing his fingers over Will's cheek to where the rose was pinned. He was smiling nearly as broadly as Will had ever seen him.

Will had to laugh then, and leaned up to kiss him. He simply couldn't wait any longer. Now he was here it was if he'd thought of nothing else since leaving Hannibal's house that morning. The soft press of his lips against his own caused him to sigh a little, almost in relief, that he really was back here and it was exactly as he remembered.

"I've got something else to show you." Will said, and nodded towards the office door. "Though if you want to see... you may need to lock that."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “What surprises have you brought to my door this time, I wonder? If it makes you more comfortable I will of course lock it.”

Will wandered further into the room, finding himself drawn towards Hannibal’s desk. The memory of sitting on it as they kissed played through his mind. Will felt the air rush cool over his skin as he slowly undid his coat. He sensed Hannibal approaching behind him and, just as Hannibal's fingers curled underneath the fabric to slide it free, Will turned around to face him. The coat caught on his shoulders, hanging loose to reveal the surprise beneath.

Hannibal was standing so close that it was only when he slipped his hands under the soft worn cotton at his shoulders, and met with Will’s bare skin, that he understood the gift Will had brought him. He took half a step back to appreciate the sight of Will, now mostly-naked and leaning against his desk. It warmed Will to watch Hannibal’s gentle fascination, as though he were savouring something precious.

Hannibal’s hands skimmed slowly down Will's smooth chest, over every plane and skein of soft muscle, each jut of bone, as he sank to his knees in front of Will. Reaching Will’s hips, he pressed soft insistent kisses to the silky material which covered them, while his fingers traced where the edges of the panties met with pale, delicate skin. Will shivered at the tender touches, low over his stomach and along the crease of his thighs. Hannibal caressed the exposed skin between his panties and stockings too, fingers slipping just under the woollen material to seek out the smooth skin.

Placing a reverent kiss to Will’s thigh, Hannibal said, “I hope you didn't walk here dressed like this.”

Stumbling over his words at Hannibal’s hot breath ghosting over his skin, Will replied, “I, uh, borrowed Bev's car.”

“You certainly know how to present yourself,” Hannibal said, hands now trailing down the length of Will's legs. Will felt every touch, over the smooth swell of his thigh, on the edges of his kneecap, down the back of his calves. Moving lower, Hannibal wrapped his fingers tightly around Will’s ankles to hold his legs apart. Will groaned and tilted his hips a little towards Hannibal’s tantalisingly-close mouth.

“I would like to buy you more things, especially if this is how you thank me.” He looked up at Will. “May I?” Hannibal’s hand trailed back up to Will's panties to squeeze him gently. “For instance, I would love to give you real silk to wear. Would you like that?”

Will gripped the edges of the desk tightly, as Hannibal stroked his hardening length softly. The sensation of the panties stretching tight over his cock was delicious. He imagined how silk would feel against his skin as Hannibal coaxed him into hardness, and how much more adoration Hannibal might treat him with then.

“Yes, I think I’d like that,” he whispered.

Kissing the jut of his hip again, Hannibal smiled and then slowly pulled the panties down. The slide of them over his sensitised dick made Will’s toes curl and he leaned heavily on the desk as Hannibal helped him step out of them.

Hannibal sat back on his heels to look at him, coat still hanging off his shoulders and now naked underneath, except for the thigh high socks. Will shut his eyes in anticipation, knowing how he was presented up for Hannibal’s enjoyment and waiting for him to take it.

“Just lovely,” Hannibal said, before he dipped his head to kiss downwards over Will's stomach to the base of his cock, now standing hard and flushed. There he nosed very softly, *scenting him*, Will realised, causing a jolt of arousal. He placed his hand on Hannibal's neck, just to feel the warm skin above his collar, as Hannibal pulled back to look up at him.

“I want to suck you again.” The words dropped from Will’s lips without forethought. And then again, more breathless, as Hannibal rose up to meet his mouth, “I’ve thought about it so much.”

Then they were kissing, with hot panting breaths and sliding tongues. Will scraped his teeth over Hannibal’s bottom lip as Hannibal gripped his hands in Will’s hair. The wool of Hannibal’s suit felt almost forbidden against his naked skin, and Will couldn’t resist rubbing himself against it.

“Like this.” Will broke their kiss to pull Hannibal around behind the desk with him. “I’ve thought about this desk a lot too.”

Will sat down on the chair and moved it forward to crowd Hannibal up against the edge of the desk, so his long legs were spread either side of Will. Hannibal ran his fingers through his hair to where the rose was still pinned, as Will undid his fly. He palmed Hannibal’s hardness through the soft cotton of his underwear, anticipating the weight of it sliding over his tongue.

“Actually, I’ve thought about your cock a lot in general,” Will said, with a teasing grin, as he moved closer into the V of Hannibal’s legs.

Hannibal smiled indulgently at him. “You are nineteen, I wouldn’t expect anything else.”

“Haven’t you thought about me?” Will replied, confident of the answer, as he freed Hannibal’s cock at last.

“Often, possibly far too often. Not just in the way you are implying, however.”

Will smiled up at him, the man Bev had called his boyfriend. Even said to tease it was a lovely thought. Apart from a flush on his face, the slight disarray of his carefully-styled hair and his now-exposed cock he looked exactly the same self-contained person Will had met for the first time only two weeks ago. Will felt a rush of affection, as well as desire, for this unusual man who had arrived suddenly into his life.

Will bent to take Hannibal’s hard length in his mouth, unwilling to draw out his teasing any longer and moaned around its blunt thickness. He laved his tongue down the length of it as he swallowed deeper and then pulled back with tight, wet lips. Above him, Hannibal’s breathing stuttered, and he felt the twitch of his cock in his mouth. Will drew back to run his thumb over the tip, then licked at the clear fluid gathering at head.

Looking up at Hannibal through his lashes, Will began to slowly, rhythmically, suck up and down, in tightly controlled movements. Hannibal cupped his jaw and watched, fingers tracing Will’s cheeks as they hollowed. Will moaned again - it was exactly what he had wanted; to feel the push and slide of Hannibal’s thick cock between his lips, the growing wetness. It was so dirtily good, he loved it, and loved the loud sucking sounds his mouth made too. He had to rub himself a couple of times, and was sure he could come just like this, fisting his own cock as Hannibal thrust gently into his mouth.

When he pulled back Hannibal’s cock was red and slick and Will gasped with the the weight of his growing need. He wrapped his fingers tightly around its heat, skin satin-soft against his palm, as he

moved to lick and suck at Hannibal's balls. Hannibal groaned above him and he tilted his head to see Hannibal watching him. Will smiled cheekily in response and Hannibal huffed a laugh in between gasps, gently tugging once on his hair in fond reproach. Will stroked him lightly as he continued to mouth there, the hair at the base of his cock tickling his face. The scent of the man under the suit and the reserve caused a little noise of longing to escape him. Will wanted to taste him now, like he had before, to feel him spill hot over his tongue.

Growing desperate, he dragged the flat of his tongue over the underneath of Hannibal's cock, feeling the raised ridge of the vein which ran from base to tip. Will lapped at the exposed head, then sank down on him again, sucking hard up and down and ignoring the ache in his own cock. Hannibal's hand was now tight his hair, and though he made no attempt to control Will's movements, Will found he could pull against it to feel the strength in Hannibal's grip. It left him dizzy and breathless, and the noises he made sounded pleadingly wanton in Hannibal's quiet office.

He heard Hannibal's breathing become harsh and fragmented and Will raised his eyes to silently urge him on. Will focused on the hot slide of his lips around Hannibal's thickness, and the slick wet sounds which filled the space between them. Hannibal's palms were now warm against his cheeks as his face was held lightly, the touch intimate and tender as fingers stroked through his hair. Then, with a low groan, Hannibal stilled Will's movements before his cock pulsed thickly in Will's mouth. Will shut his eyes at the culmination of his efforts and at his own desire, swallowing as much as he could. His own cock was heavy and insistent between his legs, desperate for Hannibal's touch, even as he wiped his mouth and leaned to lick Hannibal clean.

Hannibal reached for him. "Come here," he said.

Will stood up on shaky legs and Hannibal slipped the coat off his shoulders. As Hannibal lowered himself into the desk chair, Will found himself pulled down with him until he was on Hannibal's lap. Will felt the warmth of his body seeping through his clothing where Hannibal's chest was pressed close to Will's back. Hannibal breathed hard into Will's neck as Will waited, cock hot and obscene against his stomach. He didn't have to wait long - Hannibal hooked Will's legs over his own and used his knees to spread Will's legs further apart. Will was left with his ankles dangling on the outside of Hannibal's calves, held fast and unable to move.

"Now you are perfectly on display for me," Hannibal breathed into his ear. He brought his fingers up to play with one of Will's nipples, making Will gasp. "I would like to watch you come - and I think you would like me to watch. Yes?"

"Please, yes," groaned Will. He was so achingly ready, his cock hard and leaking against his stomach. It was gorgeously obscene, to be laid out like this - almost naked on Hannibal's lap and with the taste of come still thick in his mouth. He looked down at himself, at Hannibal's hands on him, suddenly very aware of his stockings and where they hugged the tops of his thighs.

"Look at you - do you see how beautiful you are?" Hannibal's breath was hot over his cheek, and his fingers drifted over the stocking tops. Will nearly wanted to sob with desperation.

Hannibal pressed kisses to his jaw and just behind his ear, while he firmly stroked his palms over Will's stomach. One moved up to gently rub over his nipples, and the other grasped his cock and began to stroke slowly but decisively. Will cried out, and tried to wriggle against him a little, but was held in place too tightly. Instead, he could only watch as Hannibal's large, strong hand fisted his cock, spreading the leaking wetness along its length.

“And you make the most lovely noises, especially when you so badly want to come,” Hannibal purred into his ear.

Will felt his legs begin to tremble as Hannibal began to stroke faster, cock much slicker now. He gripped the chair arms and moaned long and loud, yelping once when Hannibal pinched a nipple sharply. Will could feel the scratch of wool against his back, as Hannibal continued to fondle his nipples, jerking him hard.

“Come for me, darling,” Hannibal whispered, and Will felt a hot, bright flash of pleasure being ripped from him as he spurted in white ribbons over his stomach and Hannibal’s hand.

He was left gasping in huge breaths as Hannibal cleaned them both with a handkerchief and kissed his cheek. Will flopped boneless back against Hannibal’s chest for a few moments, then tilted his head to kiss Hannibal properly. Hannibal released Will’s knees so he could curl up in his lap, while Hannibal settled Will’s coat over him like a blanket.

“You are a menace,” he said, fondly into Will’s hair. “A menace I could get used to very easily.”

Laughing into the wool of his suit, Will said, “I missed you, that was all. Saturday seemed a very long way away when I was texting you.”

Will rested his head on Hannibal’s shoulder and felt Hannibal’s heart beating steadily under his palm. Reluctantly, he raised his head and said, “I wish I could stay right here.”

Hannibal stroked his face, “I agree. But I don't want to hinder your studies.”

“I bet. Jack told me about the glowing message you sent him after our meeting, you know.”

“That was before... this. And you deserved it. You are obviously an exceptional student.”

Will kissed his neck, then settled back onto Hannibal’s shoulder. “Five minutes. Then I must go.”

Hannibal brushed Will’s hair with his fingers, and said, “The scent of rose suits you.”

When Will got up to leave he unpinned the rose from his hair and pressed it to Hannibal’s chest, and said with a smile, “This one is for you.”

This one is for you

End Notes

Illustrations by theseavoices, and aren't we all lucky that's the case :)

Find the timestamps series here. And for a complete list of all the stories and for easy viewing of all the art, we made a QS website.

I'm on tumblr and twitter (and very occasionally on pillowfort and dreamwidth).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about here.

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by TheSeaVoices, Weconqueratdawn

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